I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not ſtrike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with mee,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To ſtrike mee, ſpurne mee; nay to kill mee too.
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Herm. Why? get you gon. Who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Deme. No ſir: ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchoole:
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe, made;
You bead, you acorne.
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone: ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if thou doſt inte
Neuer ſo little ſhewe of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee
Her. You, miſtreſſe, all this coyle is lo
Nay: goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for
My legges are longer though, to runne
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not wh
Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill tho
Or elſe commitſt thy knaueries wilfull
Puck. Beleeue mee, king of ſhadowes
Did not you tell mee, I ſhoud know th
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And ſo farr e blameleſſe prooues my en
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eye
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe louers ſeeke a
Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Ach*
And lead theſe teaſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter w
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetriu*
And from each other, looke thou lead t
Till ore their browes, death-counterfait
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29